ſweete tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, ſnip ſnap, quicke and home, it reioiceth my intellect, true wit.

*Pag.* Offerd by a childe to an old man: which is wit-old.

*Peda.* What is the figure? What is the figure?

*Page.* Hornes.

*Peda.* Thou diſputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigg.

*Pag.* Lende me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infaime *vnũ cuta* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

*Clow.* And I had but one peny in the world thou ſhouldſt haue it to buy Ginger bread: Holde, there is the verie Remuneration I had of thy Maiſter, thou halfepennie purſe of wit, thou Pidgin-egge of diſcretion. O and the heauens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wart but my Baſtard; What a ioyfull father wouldeſt thou make me? Go to, thou haſt it *ad dungil* at the fingers ends, as they ſay.

*Peda.* Oh I ſmell falſe Latine, *dunghel* for *vnguem*.

*Brag.* *Artſ-man preambulat*, we will be ſinguled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-houſe on the top of the Mountaine?

*Peda.* Or *Mons* the hill.

*Brag.* At your ſweete pleaſure, for the Mountaine.

*Peda.* I do *ſans queſtion*.

*Bra.* Sir, it is the Kings moſt ſweete pleaſur & affection, to congratulate the Princeſſe at her Pauilion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

*Peda.* The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the after noone: the worde is well culd, choſe, ſweete, & apt I do aſſure you ſir, I do aſſure.

*Brag.* Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familier, I do aſſure ye very good friende: for what is inwarde betweene vs, let it paſſe. I do beſeech thee remember thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunt and moſt ſerious deſignes, and of great import in deede too: but let that paſſe. for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the worlde) ſometime to leane vpon my poore ſhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my muſtachie: but ſweete hart let that paſſe. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certaine

ſpecial



ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatnes to
a Souldier, a man of trauayle, that hath ſee
let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſwe
ſecretie, that the King would haue me pr
(ſweete chuck) with ſome delightfull of
or pageant, or antique, or fierworke: N
that the Curate and your ſweete ſelfe, are
tions, and ſodaine breaking out of myrth
acquainted you withall, to the ende to cra

*Peda.* Sir, you ſhall preſent before her t
Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning ſome enter
ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, t
aſſiſtants the Kinges commaund, and th
luſtrate and learned Gentleman, before t
none ſo fit as to preſent the nine Worthie

*Curat.* Where will you finde men wor
ſent them?

*Peda.* *Ioſua*, your ſelfe, my ſelfe, and t
man *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (beca
or ioynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the great, the

*Brag.* Pardon ſir, error: He is not qu
that worthies thumbe, he is not ſo big as t

*Peda.* Shall I haue audience? He ſha
in minoritie: his enter and exit ſhalbe
and I will haue an Apologie for that purp

*Page.* An excellent deuice: ſo if any o
you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now
Snake; that is the way to make an offenc
few haue the grace to do it.

*Brag.* For the reſt of the Worthies?

*Peda.* I will play three my ſelfe.

*Page.* Thrice worthie Gentleman.

*Brag.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Peda.* We attende.

*Brag.* We will haue, if this fadge not,
ſeech you follow.

*Peda.* *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou haſt
this while.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)